

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE  
is published every morning, at No. 30 Ann  
street, New-York, and delivered to Gay Subscribers for  
NINE CENTS per week. Single copies Two Cents.  
Mail Subscribers \$4 per annum, in advance, and the paper  
will be sent to them, and payment made for it which is paid  
Subscriptions taken for Six Months.

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the Country, is published every Saturday morning, at the  
same price of 22 per annum, in advance.

## THE TRIBUNE.

# NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH.

OFFICE NO. 20 ANN-STREET.

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOL. II. NO. 95.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 30, 1842.

WHOLE NO. 107.

the nine poetic contributions from different pens  
which diversify the number. We quote the follow-  
ing:

### SONNET.

BY WASHINGTON ALLISON.  
*On the Statue of an Angel, by Rameau, of Rome, in the pos-  
session of J. S. Copley Green, Esq.*

One can look on that celestial face,  
And lustre fit for it claim with might on earth!  
It never knew the form of man nor birth—  
So perfect that superfluous art must grace  
So eloquent of unmeasured love,  
That, by a simple movement, thus imparts  
Its own harmonious peace, the while our hearts  
Run, as by instinct, to the word above.  
And yet we work on cold, unfeeling stone,  
But still we think that here our spirits own  
As Truth and Life!—This not material Art—  
But even the Singer's soul to sense unseal'd—  
Oh, never may he doubt his worth to reveal'd—  
There lives within him an immortal part.

**Manuscripts.**  
We cannot close without expressing our gratification that a commendable promptness of issue has at length been superadded to the uniform elegance of execution of this substantial work. The number before us was out of press on the 20th, and despatched to all its subscribers before the 1st of the month from which it is dated.

**Metrical Stories in Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy,**  
designed for Youth. Dayton & Newman 19 Broad-  
way.

Rhyme is said to have been invented to assist the people in remembering the laws—in those distant ages when laws were short enough to be remembered—and we have seen the Kings of England put into verse; but here we have two sciences taught in poetic measure. The versifier has shown great industry and ingenuity in thus transmeling in metre Caloric, Electricity and the Gases, all of which he has most amusingly personified. We fear that children would not acquire very clear ideas from these Metrical lessons, but "children of a larger growth" will certainly find them very entertaining. We extract the story of

**SIMPLE AFFINITY.**  
Some water and oil  
Once had a broil,  
Down went the water, drooping,  
And would not unite,  
But continued to fight,  
Without any prospect of stopping.  
Some Peacock overheard,  
And as quick as a word,  
He jumped in the midst of the clashing,  
And said, "Aunty, I  
Am United with you,  
And Star was created for Asaph."

**The Mayor's Vote.**

To the Editor of The Tribune:  
We may see in the attempt of Mayer Morris to thwart the Common Council in their endeavor to make the most wholesome modifications of law, and by his efforts to nullify if his construction of the law is not adopted, only another specimen of the system which he has pursued since his partial success in delaying an organization of the City Government—that of clutching power wherever it is available for the benefit of himself and the less honest of his party, or both. Of all the sophisms he has ever advanced to mislead the ignorant but honest of his own party, that which he dignifies with the appellation of his "Veto" of the amendment to the ordinance in relation to the appointment and removal of Watchmen, seems to be the most baseless and contemptible, though it is perhaps least painful of all, for his Veto is but a waste of paper.

In matters where Rhode Island comes in question, His Honor entertains a holy horror of a Royal Charter; but here, in his own State and City, where the interests of his party require the use of our old Repudiated Charter, he repudiates our Republican Charter of 1830, and substitutes that of the English Monarch, just so far as suits his views, and takes just so much of each as will enable him to retain the greatest amount of power, and rejects all the rest, and like Cromwell, who committed murder in God's name, he murders the law, and quotes the law to justify himself. The author of such nonsense, you are to lessen her weight of character!"

"Pshaw, if she has weight of character, it will command its worth in respect. People are always valued as they deserve."

"Very wide of fact"—that is assuming as truth a sophism. Perhaps, in the long run, character may assert its own claims; but what of that? they may be long concealed; and, in the meanwhile, mischief may be as a sorrowful consequence. Besides—grant that proof should at last be had that Miss Burnside's representations were all untrue, what then becomes of her weight of character?"

"'Oh! come, Mr. Reynolds,' said Charlotte, highly incensed, 'now you are going too far. I cannot suffer this! Trust my character to take care of itself, if you please, and pray be easy on my account. My "misrepresentations" at least are harmless.'

"There cannot, by any conceivable possibility, be such a thing as a harmless misrepresentation, replied the invincible Mr. Reynolds. 'If it hurt nobody else, it injures its author.'

Charlotte's face crimsoned, and expressed almost unavowable impatience.

'I prophecy that you will find it so,' added her Mentor, fixing his keen eyes upon her angry countenance. 'Misrepresentations of characters or circumstances, be they ever so free from malice at first, lead to it at last, and open the door to mischief.'

As none of us can pretend to represent truly the virtues or faults of others. Therefore, any meddling whatsoever, in the matters of other people, without their full knowledge and concurrence—and rattling of their characters is meddling with their matters—any thing of this sort must tend to evil. First, we misrepresent without the motives of malice, and then with it; and consequences rush in, no more terrible to our victims than to ourselves. From such consequences you will perhaps at last receive conviction—since you will not otherwise receive it!"

"Mrs. Laton's" is quite long, but it is commenced and completed in this number, and none of its fair readers will feel that there is a page too much of it.

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